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THE
FIRST SATIRE
OF THE
First Book of *HORACE*.
IMITATED.

(Price One Shilling.)

THE
FIRST SATIRE
OF THE
First Book of HORACE.

LIMITED.

(Price One Shilling.)

**Nymphæ, noster amor, Libethrides ! aut mihi carmen
Quale meo Codro, concedite : proxima Phœbi
Versibus ille facit : aut, si non possumus omnes,
Hic ARGUTA SACRA PENDEBIT FISTULA PINU.**

VIRG. Ecl.



Q. HORATII FLACCI

R Horatius

S E R M O N U M

L I B R I P R I M I

S A T I R A P R I M A.



L O N D I N I :

Impensis R. & J. DODSLEY in vico Pall-mall ;
Prostant venales apud M. COOPER in Pater-noster-Row.
MDCCLV.

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LONDON:

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S E R M O N U M

L I B R I P R I M I

S A T I R A P R I M A.

QUI fit, Mæcenas, ut nemo, quam sibi sortem
 Seu Ratio dederit, seu Fors objecerit, illa
 Contentus vivat ; laudet diversa sequentes ?
 O ! fortunati mercatores, gravis annis
 Miles ait, multo jam fractus membra labore.
 Contrà mercator, navim jactantibus austris,
 Militia est potior : [quid enim ? concurritur : horæ
 Momento cita mors venit, aut victoria læta.]
 Agricola laudat juris legumque peritus,



Sub

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YES; it is strange: sure Nature never meant
For man that last best blessing of content.
From choice or chance alike all states displease;
Arts lose their relish, and professions tease.
Thrice happy merchant, safe from luckless wars,
Exclaims the vet'ran, counting o'er his scars!
Oh envy'd lot of arms, the merchant cries,
When the bleak terrors of a storm arise!
POLLIO, who shines, and many a year has shone
The brightest star, that twinkles near the throne,
Fatigu'd,

Sub galli cantum consultor ubi ostia pulsat.

Ille, datis vadibus qui rure extractus in urbem est,]

Solos felices viventes clamat in urbe.

[Cætera de genere hoc (adeò sunt multa) loquacem
Delassare valent Fabium.] ne te morer, audi

Quò rem deducam. si quis Deus, en ego, dicat,

Jam faciam quod vultis: eris tu, qui modò miles,

Mercator; tu, consultus modò, rusticus: hinc vos,

Vos hinc, mutatis discedite partibus: eja,

Quid statis? nolint; atqui licet esse beatis.

[Quid causæ est, meritò quin illis Jupiter ambas

Iratus buccas inflet, neque se fore posthac

Tam facilem dicat, votis ut præbeat aurem?

Præterea, ne sic, ut qui Jocularia ridens

Percurram: quanquam ridentem dicere verum

Quid vetat? ut pueris olim dant crustula blandi

Doctores, elementa velint ut dicere prima.]

Sed tamen amoto quæramus seria ludo.

Ille gravem duro terram qui vertit aratro,

Perfidus hic caupo, miles, nautæque, per omne

Audaces mare qui currunt, hac mente laborem

Sese ferre, fenes ut in otia tuta recedant,

Aiunt,

Fatigu'd, with fools and flatt'ers in a pet,
 Sighs for the stillness of his country seat;
 While gaping Squires, all new to grandeur, swear
 No joys are felt but in St. James's air.

What if some gracious Being were inclin'd
 For once to take these murm'ers in the mind.
 " You, sir, who late were master of a ship,
 " Go to the camp---you, Col'nel, to the deep---
 " You, sir, in love with rural ease, retire"---
 Not stir! what! rebels to their own desire!
 Yet, (fond delusion!) each, however wide
 From reason's rule claims reason on his side.
 The Great, in place, with titles tinsel'd o'er,
 Who toil in courts from thirty to threescore;
 They, who reap laurels on the purple plain,
 Or madd'ning run for treasures o'er the main;
 Whatever cares their spring of youth engage,
 Provide but for the winter of old age.

B

" True ; "

Aiunt, cum sibi sint congeſta cibaria : ſicut
 Parvulâ (nam exemplo eſt) magni formica laboris
 Ore trahit quodcunque poteſt, atque addit acervo,
 Quem ſtruit, haud ignara ac non incauta futuri.
 Quæ, ſimul inverſum contriſtat Aquarius annum,
 Non uſquam prærepat, & illis utitur antè
 Quæſitis, ſapiens. Cum te neque fervidus æſtus
 Dimoveat lucro, nec hyems, ignis, mare, ferrum,
 Nil obſtet tibi, dum ne ſit te ditior alter.
 Quid juvat immenſum te argenti pondus & auri
 Furtim deſoſſa timidum deponere terra ?
 Quòd, ſi comminuas, vilem redigatur ad aſſem.
 At ni id ſit, quid habet pulchri conſtructus acervus ?
 [Millia frumenti tua triverit area centum,
 Non tuus hoc capiet venter plus quàm meus : ut ſi
 Reticulum panis venales inter onuſto
 Fortè vehas humero, nihilo plus accipias quàm
 Qui

" True ;" cries Sir * : " the man who flies from want,
 " Life's wary maxims copies from the Ant ;
 " Who, grain by grain, still adding to her store,
 " Points out the golden moral, BE NOT POOR."

Sir, to apply your instance, let us see
 How well these hoarders and some folks agree.
 They, soon as wintry vapours chill the air,
 Think it a sin a single grain to spare ;
 Not one, I ween, so silly as to fit
 Hemm'd round with dainties, and not touch a bit.
 While wiser thou, no dupe to fancy'd fear
 Of heat, cold, hunger, pains, year after year
 Plod'st on unwear'd in the ways of pelf,
 Left there be one more wretched than thyself.
 Resolve me then this riddle : To what end
 Serves it to heap the wealth, you never spend ?
 " Guinea by guinea take away, 'tis clear
 " Mountains of gold in time will disappear."
 Alas ! if not ; what joy, tho' sum on sum
 By slow advances tow'r up to a plum ?

Qui nil portârit.] Vel dic, quid referat intra
 Naturæ fines viventi, jugera centum, an
 Mille aret? At suave est ex magno tollere acervo.
 Dum ex parvo nobis tantundem haurire relinquo,
 Cur tua plus laudes cumeris granaria nostris?
 Ut, tibi si sit opus liquidi non amplius urna,
 Vel cyathos; & dicas, Magno de flumine malim,
 Quam ex hoc fonticulo tantundem sumere. Eo fit,
 Plenior ut siquos delectet copia iusto,
 Cum ripa simul avulsos ferat Aufidus acer.
 At qui tantuli eget, quantum est opus, is neque limo
 Turbatam haurit aquam, nec vitam amittit in undis;
 At bona pars hominum decepta cupidine falso,
 Nil satis est, inquit: quia tanti, quantum habeas, sis.
 Quid facias illi? jubeas miseram esse, libenter

Quatenus

Or, if by Nature's laws your views you bound,
 Tell me, what real diff'rence will be found,
 Whether, content with little, you command
 Some twenty acres of paternal land,
 Or, rich in regal treasures, call your own
 All that both Indies show'r on BOURBON's throne?
 " Oh ! but what ecstacy one's grasp t'expand,
 " Where fums uncounted meet the op'ning hand !"
 Yet why in praise of golden mountains dwell,
 If a small heap allay each want as well?
 To quench his thirst what mortal ever went,
 To quaff the streams of Humber, or of Trent?
 Happy ! who panting with no vain desires
 Seeks, and but seeks, what Nature's call requires :
 He tempts the fury of no floods ; but goes
 Where calm and clear the rill's smooth current flows.

From Lombard's Sages hear a soothing song :

- " The man, who gets, is never in the wrong :
- " Would you be follow'd, young ; be rev'renc'd, old ?
- " Toil on undaunted, piling gold on gold.
- " The needy knave is treated with neglect ;
- " He bends to MAMMON, who would court respect."

Weak

Quatenus id facit : Ut quidam memoratur Athenis
 Sordidus, ac dives, populi contemnere voces
 Sic solitus : Populus me fibilat, at mihi plaudo
 Ipse domi, simul ac nummos contemplor in arcâ
 Tantalus à labris, fitiens fugientia captat
 Flumina, quid rides ? mutato nomine de te
 Fabula narratur. congestis undique faccis
 Indormis inhians, & tanquam parcere sacris
 Cogaris, aut pictis tanquam gaudere tabellis
 Nescis quò valeat nummus ? quem præbeat usum ?
 Panis ematur, olus, vini sextarius ; adde,
 Queis humana tibi doleat natura negatis.

AN

Weak as this doctrine seems to you and me,
 Yet not one flaw can Lombard's Sages see :
 Secure each pilfers on without controul,
 Lucre's soft nectar trickling on his soul.
 See ! thro' the street, a rabble at his heels,
 Shov'd, hooted, pointed at, PATRITIO steals :
 In vain scoffs, curses, jests provoke his spleen ;
 He shrugs, and finds a comforter within.
 Chin-deep in water, and stark mad with thirst,
 Poor TANTALUS for want of drink is curst--
 You smile--ah Sir ! change but a word or two,
 Methinks the story might be told of You.
 You, struck with awe, half stupid with amaze,
 On consecrated gold devoutly gaze ;
 Like the fond zealot, who his All forfook
 To doat on WHITFIELD with ecstatic look,
 Or as some shelf grave connoisseurs behold,
 Where men and monkeys grin in Indian mold.

Ask you, what riches give to such as spend ?
 Food, raiment ; add, a cordial, and a friend :
 Besides those nameless comforts, which deny'd,
 Defrauded Nature feels dissatisfy'd.

An vigilare metu exanimem, noctesque diesque
 Formidare malos fures, incendia, servos,
 Ne te compilent fugientes : hoc juvat ? horum
 Semper ego optârim pauperrimus esse bonorum.
 At si condoluit tentatum frigore corpus,
 Aut alius casus lecto te adfixit ; habes qui
 Affideat, fomenta paret, medicum roget, ut te
 Suscitet, ac, natis reddat carisque propinquis ?
 Non uxor saluum te vult, non filius ; omnes
 Vicini oderunt, noti, pueri atque puellæ.
 Miraris, cum tu argento post omnia ponas,
 Si nemo præstet, quem non merearis, amorem ?
 An, si cognatos, nullo natura labore
 Quos tibi dat, retinere velis servareque amicos,
 Infelix operam perdas ; ut si quis asellum
 In Campo doceat parentem currere frænis ?
 Denique sit finis quærendi : cumque habeas plus,

Pauperiem

Ask you, what riches give to such as spend ?
 Food, raiment ; add, a cordial, and a friend :
 Besides those nameless comforts, which deny'd,
 Destituted Nature feels distastfully.

If to be ever on the rack of fear ;
 To start, turn pale, at ev'ry noise you hear ;
 With all about you in continual strife,
 Harsh to your servants, peevish to your wife ;
 While a long train of dreaded ills conspire
 To break your slumbers ; losses, murders, fire :
 If this be to have wealth, ye pow'rs divine,
 Grant, that these precious plagues be never mine !

“ Yet may not riches have some secret charm,
 “ When years send sickness, or when pains alarm ?
 “ What speedy help from Doctors ; always sure
 “ To kill with caution, should they fail to cure ?
 “ Wife, kindred, friends by dozens, round you flock,
 “ Tears in each eye, and sadness in each look.”

Oh deeply lost in dirty views, who deem
 That wealth's vile lumber ever bought esteem !
 To fix one friend not all your hoards have pow'r :
 Ev'n in the pangs of death's approaching hour
 Each glance, sigh, gasp impatient they attend,
 Glad from some symptom to presage your end :
 Your knell with joy your wife, friends, kindred hear,
 And your last dirge is sung without a tear.

Pauperiem metuas minus ; & finire laborem
 Incipias, parto quod avebas : ne facias quod
 Ummidius' qui tam (non longa est Fabula) dives
 Ut metiretur nummos, ita sordidus ut se
 Non unquam servo melius vestiret, ad usque
 Supremum tempus ne se penuria victus
 Opprimeret, metuebat : at hunc liberta securi
 Divisit medium, fortissima Tyndaridarum.
 Quid mi igitur suades ? ut vivam Mænius, aut sic
 Ut Nomentanus ? Pergis pugnantia secum
 Frontibus adversis componere ? non ego, avarum
 Cum veto te fieri, vappam jubeo ac nebulonem.
 Est inter Tanaim quiddam focerumque Viselli :
 Est modus in rebus ; sunt certi denique fines,
 Quos ultra citràque nequit consistere rectum.
 Illuc, unde abij, redeo. nemon' ut avarus
 Se probet, ac potius laudet diversa sequentes ?
 Quódque aliena capella gerat distentius uber,
 Tabescat ? neque se majori pauperiorum
 Turbæ comparet ? hunc atque hunc superare laboret ?
 Sic festinanti semper locupletior obstat :

Let then, dark dreams of poverty away,
 Some gleam of comfort gild your closing day :
 Or think, oh think ! — depending from a thread
 Dangers on dangers tremble o'er your head,
 Why need I hint, what wights, long giv'n to save,
 By sudden deaths have drop'd into the grave ?
 Gold arms the friend against his patron's life ;
 Gold steels the bosom of the traytress wife ;
 Daughters, as gold and lust inflame the soul,
 Shall point the ponyard, or shall drug the bowl.

“ Then by your rule,” his Worship staring cries,
 “ In wild profusion ev'ry virtue lies.”

Shall I instruct you ?—know, who would not stray
 From virtue's path must keep the middle way ;
 Once past the bounds, which to the Mean belong,
 This way or that, he slides into the wrong.
 Regard to decency may still be had :
 No need with graceless MILO to run mad :
 Each in th' extreme an equal error shares,
 The fool, who squanders, and the wretch, who spares.

Yet not alone is discontent confin'd
 To ay'rice ; Grumblers are of ev'ry kind.

Ut cum carceribus missos rapit ungula currus,
 Instat equis auriga suos vincentibus, illum
 Præteritum temnens extremos inter euntem,
 Inde fit, ut rarò, qui se vixisse beatum
 Dicat, & exacto contentus tempore, vita
 Cedat uti conviva satur, reperire queamus.
 Jam satis est : ne me Crispini scrinia lippi
 Compilasse putes, verbum non amplius addam.

F I N I S.

Whatever hopes of figure, fame, or place
 Urge the warm work of life's contended race,
 All, as a rage of conquest breathes it's fire,
 Give the loose rein to ev'ry fierce desire ;
 With emulation wing'd they strain, they fly,
 Nor heed the loit'ring millions they pass by.
 How few, like BUTLER, from life's plenteous feast
 Rise with the temper of a satiate guest ?
 Or cry with * * *, " Let Fortune show'r
 " On priestly fycophants preferment, pow'r :
 " Glut ev'ry slave, good heav'n, with gifts like these !
 " Grant me the blessing of a mind at ease."

11.7.49

F I N I S.

Whatever power of figure, name, or place
To give the main work of this condensed treatise
All, as a rule of conduct, should be
Give the look to every letter, define
With emulation wing'd they rise, they fly
Nor heed the losing millions they cast by
How few, like Butcher, from his penitential
Rise with the temper of a latent guest
Or with *** "Let Fortune show
"On princely tyrants' pretence, now
"Glorious slave, good heaven, with gifts like these
"Grant me the blessing of a mind at ease."

F I N I S